

Alas, alas, the Palmer said,
derry, derry, down,
And for ever woe is me,
Will. Scutly hang'd will be to day,
On yond'rs gallow-tree ;
hey down, derry, derry, down.

I had his Noble Master known,
He would some Succour send,
A few of his bold Comandrie
Full soon would fetch him hence.

Ay, that is true, the young Man said,
Ay, that is true, said he ;
Or if they were near to this place,
They soon would set him free.

But fare thou well, thou good old Man;
Farewel, and thanks to thee ;
If Scutly hanged be this day,
Reveng'd his death will be.

He was no sooner from the Palmer gone,
But the gates was opened wide,
And out of the Castle Will. Scutly came,
Guarded on every side.

When he was forth of the Castle come,
And saw no help was nigh,
Thus he did say unto the Sheriff,
Thus he said gallantly,

Now seeing that I needs must dye,
Grant me one boon, said he,
For my Nob'e Master ne'r had Man,
That yet was hang'd on tree :

Give me a sword all in my hand,
And let me be unbound.
And with thee and thy Men i'll fight,
Until I lie dead on the ground.

But this desire he would not grant,
His wishes were in vain,
For the Sheriff had sworn he hang'd should be,
And not by the sword be slain.

Do but unbind my hands, he says,
I will no weapons crave,
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have.

O no, no, the Sheriff, he said,
Thou shalt on the gallows dye ;
Ay, and so shall thy Master too,
If ever in me it lye.

O dastard Coward, Scutly crys,
Thou faint-hearted Peasant slave,
If ever my Master do thee meet,
Thou shalt thy payment have.

My Noble Master thee doth scorn,
And all thy cowardly Crew,
Such silly Imps unable are
Bold Robin to subdue.

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But when he was to the gallows come,
And ready to bid adieu,
Out of a bush stepped Little John,
And steps Will. Scutly too,

I pray thee Will, before thou dye,
Of thy dear Friends take leave ;
I needs must borrow him a while,
How say you, Master Sheriff ?

Now as I live, the Sheriff said,
That Scarlet will I know,
Some sturdy Rebel is that same,
Therefore let him not go.

With that Little John so hastily
Away cut Scutly's bands,
And from one of the Sheriff's Men
A sword twicht from his hands,

Here Will, take thou this same,
Thou canst it better sway,
And here defend thyself a while,
For Aid will come straightway.

And there they turn'd them back to back,
In the middle of them that day,
Till Robin Hood approached near
With many an Archer gay.

With that an arrow by them flew,
I wist from Robin Hood :
Make haste, make haste, the Sheriff he said,
Make haste, for it is good.

The Sheriff is gone, his doubtless Men
Thought it no boot to stay,
But as their Master had them taugt,
They run full fast away.

O stay, O stay, Will. Scutly said,
Take I have ere you depart ;
You ne'r will catch Bold Robin Hood,
Unless you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, said Robin Hood,
That you so soon are gone,
My sword may in the scabbard rest,
For here our work is done.

I little thought, Will. Scutly said,
When I came here to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or seen my Master's face.

Thus Scutly was at liberty set,
And safe brought from his Foe :
O thanks, O thanks to my Master,
Since here it was not so.

And once again, my Fellows dear,
derry, derry, down,
We shall in the green woods meet,
Where we will make our bow-strings twang,
Musick for us most sweet ;
hey down, derry, derry, down.